



# Jackaboy and Markimoo Go to a Convention

**markiplier**

jacksepticeye

fanfic

👁️ 44 ✅ 1 ⭐ 3

## Chapter 1 by GuitarHiro

Markiplier and Jacksepticeye have made plans to visit a particular convention at the same time. When they arrive they find out that they booked rooms neighbouring each other.

The first few days go well until YouTubers start falling ill and some are injured in freak accidents. The convention officials want to call the whole thing off and send everyone home.

Will Mark and Jack save the day?

That's up to you!

Need I say more?

Have fun, Internet! (BTWs I drew the picture)

## Chapter 2 by rpgmaddol x



I sighed, laying down on my bed. It had been a long first day at VidCon, and I really just needed some sleep. The day had been an odd one for sure, odd not really beginning to describe it.

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My eyes were slowly drooping, signs that jet lag was really starting to catch up on me, when a sudden knock at my door jolted me awake. I stumbled out of bed, throwing my glasses on and opened the door. There, stood a rather nervous looking Mark, his phone in his hands.

"What's goin' on Mark," I ask, annoyance seeping into my voice. The day had been a long and hard one, and I honestly needed nothing more then a few hours rest.

"Sorry man, but I just got a text from Ken's girlfriend. Apparently he fell down the hotel stairs and got pretty fucked up. He's unresponsive and may have a broken a rib or two. I just wanted to inform you," Mark said, meeting my eyes. He looked run down, tiered just like me.

"Shite man, what the hell is going on? Ken ain't the type of guy to just fall down the stairs," all hints of my annoyance were gone, replaced by fear for my friend.

"Apparently he wasn't doing very well, sick and all that," Mark replied quickly.

I ran a hand through my hair, at a loss for what to do. Before I could say anything, Mark continued,

"Officials at VidCon are thinking of ending the con early. A lot of accidents and cases of people getting sick have been at an all time high. I don't really know what to do, man," His voice cracked a bit at the end.

I didn't really know how to respond, all of what he told me was a bit too much.

"What do we do, man?" I asked quietly.

"Find out what the hell is happening, that's what."

## Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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